

CUP 21 g. 37/93

A New ELECTION SONG.

Tune, Stay shepherd, stay.

WHY do I mourn at Fate's decree?
The Freeman sign'd my destiny;
Why did my stars so cruel prove,
That I cannot obtain their love?
Why did, &c.

Hard is my fate I needs must own,
Since most the burgeses are flown
And left me here in deep despair;
Oh Glynn, thou hast been most severe!
And left, &c.

F—w—t thou hast undone me sure,
That fatal stroke of the Town Moor
Has cost the pain which I endure;
Alas, alas! The Moor, the Moor!
Has cost, &c.

Now must I wander quiet forlorn,
Since I am thus beheld with scorn;
The woods and valleys I'll frequent,
Whilst I am in this discontent.
The woods, &c.

Retir'd at W-ll—ton I'll dwell,
Tantalus's griefs I far excel;
Seeing that Phipps my place enjoy,
Excess of fear doth hope destroy.
Seeing that, &c.

The warbling birds with musick sweet,
Shall oft poor Watty's fate repeat;
Crying unconstant freemen why,
Why did you let poor Watty die?
Crying, &c.